# *The Life and Death of the Famous* THOMAS STUKELY:

*An* English *Gallant in time of Queen* Elizabeth, *who ended his Life in a Battel of three Kings of* Barbary. *Tune is,* King *Henry*'s going to *Bulloign*, &c.

IN the West of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous Gallant was he in his days,
By birth, a wealthy Clothier's son,
Deeds of wonders he had done,
to purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
and Lusty Stukely, he was call'd in Court;
He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every-where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then,
to whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When he his person espied,
He could not be denied,
so brave a Gentleman he was to see;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in State and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
till cruel Death with his regardless spight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wisht to have,
that he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely he presumed
to spend a hundred pound a day in waste;
The greatest Gallants in the land,
Had Stukely's purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden angels there flew up and down;
Ryots were his best delight,
With Stately feasting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By this lawless giving,
at length he told the pavements of the yard,
Which timber'd were with blocks of elm,
Mild Curtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you've heard.

Whereat his wife sore grieved,
Desiring to be relieved,
'Make much of me dear Husband, she did say.
'I'll make much more of thee (said he)
'Then any one that ever,
'I'll sell thy cloaths and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travell'd into Italy with speed;
There he flourisht many a day
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's pleasure,
To give him goods and treasure,
for to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battel in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both land and talent
to follow Stukely in his famous fight;
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within this battel shew themselves in sight.

Stukely, and his followers all
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen;
The King affeard Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
and bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary;
Portugal and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,
Thundring guns resounded,
Kill kill, then was all the souldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the Sun likewise was darkned in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of God's heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearful blazing-star, [know.
whereby the Kings might their misfortunes

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder, [slain;
where fifteen thousand fighting men were
Three Kings within this battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding
this bloody sacrifice of souls that day;
He sighing said, 'I woful wight,
'Against my conscience here do fight,
'and brought my soul unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow swounded,
and to them thus he made his heavy moan:
'Thus have I left my country dear,
'To be so vilely murthered here,
'e'en in this place whereas I am not known.

'My wife I have much wronged
'Of what to her belonged,
'I vainly spent in idle course of life;
'What I have had is past I see,
'And bringeth nought but grief to me,
'therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

'Life I see consumeth,
'And death I see presumeth:
'to change this life of mine into a new:
'Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
'I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings;
'and so have Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly;
Where now there stands upon the grave,
A stately temple builded brave,
with golden turrets pitching to the sky.

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